THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Persons in any part of the Kingdom may obtain this Work from London through their respective Booksellers.*

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SICILY.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt, (from Yorkshire,) of the following original communication from a fair friend, now in Italy. We heartily wish some other of our readers would follow the example she has more than once set, by noting down any thing particular in their "journey through life," and allowing the public to participate, mentally at least, in their pleasures.

Accompanying the manuscript copy of the tour we are about to lay before our readers, was a note to the publishers from the mother of the writer. Of this note the following is an extract:

"I have decided upon sending you part of my daughter's letters for your *Kaleidoscope*; nay, I have even thought of writing something myself, if my head would but permit me; but it grows worse for wear, and therefore of that there is no hope, particularly as I should not wish to discredit your publication. Besides, I always write more for fun than any thing else, and your *Kaleidoscope* does not furnish me with matter to laugh at, nor yet to pull to pieces. Dearly do I love to enlarge a hole in a friend's jacket; but yours, I believe, is pretty whole, for I have examined it closely, and cannot find any thing to have a catch at, except your title, "*Kaleidoscope.*" Surely it savoureth of vanity or hardihood. What does it promise? Why, beauty, brilliancy, and *endless variety*. You will prove yourselves clever men to furnish the *variety* only. Now if, by shaking the head, ideas would arise and arrange themselves, as the bits of glass do in the Kaleidoscope, why then the oftener you shake your heads the better; but should it be "wice warce," as Billy Lackaday says, why then most likely your readers will shake their heads at the *Kaleidoscope*. I have been scribbling till my fingers ache, this morning, to convince you that I am not all talk and promise. Along with this you will have a brilliant bit of glass, to sparkle in your *Kaleidoscope*. Now, if you think it dull and uninteresting, *shelf it*; for Pa and Ma's vision may not be very clear as to its beauty or brilliancy; but should you be pleased with it, I will send you the remainder of the Excursion as soon as you like.

"P.S. Burnt my pudding finely this forenoon. This comes of scribbling."

LETTERS

FROM AN ENGLISH LADY ABROAD TO HER FRIENDS AT HOME.

La Rocca, near Palermo, October.

Your kind and very welcome letters of July 10th and August 15th have given me the greatest pleasure: accept my best thanks for them, and for all the affection they express.

I am apprehensive you have been disappointed with my very imperfect description of what occurred on our voyage. It was written immediately after I reached Palermo, and amidst the hurry and confusion incident to a first arrival in a strange country, and the becoming an inmate of a new home. On my voyage here we sailed too far from land to admit of my particularizing the features of the coasts we passed, excepting only the Straits of Gibraltar; but here darkness came on before we were in sight of the Rock, and we passed it when I was fast asleep, for I could never keep my eyes open later than ten o'clock during the whole of our passage here.

You, my dear F——, impose somewhat too serious a task upon me when you talk of my writing as correctly in style and manner as if my letters were intended to be printed. To attempt this on all occasions is entirely out of the question; besides, such an injunction will press like an incubus on my pen and my fancy. I must, therefore, be under less restraint, for I cannot move gracefully in fetters. I will, however, try to write with some degree of accuracy, and give you as correct a notion of what I see in this country as I possibly can. But you must permit me to express what I have to communicate in my own way, freely, and, if you please, carelessly, or I am apprehensive I shall not be an entertaining correspondent. Before I proceed, let me premise that this is not to be one of my learned epistles;—no, they must be reserved for sunless skies and lone winter nights, for I am now too busily occupied with sights, scenes, characters, and customs that are entirely new to me, to sit coolly down and philosophize upon any subject.

About a month ago I was one of a small party on an excursion to the temple of Venus, at Segesta, a place of great antiquity, romantically situated amongst the mountains, about forty miles from Palermo. We intended to sleep at Alcumo, only ten miles from the end of our journey, where Baron Pastori had offered us the use of his house, during our short stay there. The offer was made to us in a very unreserved and friendly manner, but on the evening of the day appointed for our expedition the Baron sent us intelligence that his uncle had been taken dangerously ill at his residence in Alcumo, and was obliged to remain there with his attendants, otherwise the house would have been entirely at our service. Thus circumstanced, we altered our arrangements, without relinquishing our intentions. The inns on the road were now the only places at which we could expect accommodations, and accordingly we furnished ourselves with bed linen, and provisions for our journey, a measure of precaution always necessary when travelling in Sicily, where the houses for public entertainment are, in every sense of the word, intolerably bad, and always scantily provided.

On a lovely morning in the month of August, just as the convent bells had announced the hour of six, we left Palermo in hackney-coaches. The coaches had each three horses abreast, and as they were the first equipages I had seen of the kind, I was forcibly struck with the oddity of their appearance. A Mr. Rodgers, a Mr. Prior, Miss Montgomery, and myself, were in one carriage; my Caro Sposo, Mrs. Rodgers, Mr. Prior, and a Mr. Patterson, a gentleman just arrived from England, occupied the other. It is an invariable rule in Palermo always to separate husbands and wives in *parties of pleasure*, and I am not disposed to question either the propriety or the wisdom of such an arrangement.

Leaving Palermo, a gradual ascent of about four miles brought us to Morreale, a small town, romantically situated on the side of one of the grandest rocky mountains in this part of Sicily, and a very beautiful object in the landscape when seen at a distance. Not far from Morreale we overtook a party of women, who were walking barefooted along the road, with their shoes in their hands. My fellow travellers inquired the cause of this seeming economy, when one of the women replied, "We are paying a visit of devotion to the shrine of the new Madonna at Morreale." There was a smile on her face, and an arch expression in her eyes when she spoke, which seemed to say, "We know as well as you how foolish this is; but no matter, it is a custom." A church is now building at Morreale, which is dedicated to this new Virgin, who has recently been discovered by some men who were digging, not for pious, but for other purposes. These wise men, when at work, either saw, or pretended to see, signs or marks of the cross on some parts of the rock, which convinced them that they had discovered a statue of some saint; for saints in this country, (with proper reverence be it spoken,) so far from being rare commodities, are almost as plentiful as blackberries. They dug farther, and soon discovered a statue of the Virgin. This Virgin, when fresh from the hands of the sculptor, might have been a Venus, for any thing that appears to the contrary. This, however, they did not consider very nicely; but whether Venus or Virgin, so wonderfully is she gifted, that she cures the lame, restores the blind to sight, keeps the plague from Palermo, and, in all probability, killed the old queen, for her death appears to be considered a national blessing by the Sicilians, and will certainly be attributed either to the new Madonna, or St. Rosolia, from whom all good proceedeth. But the new Virgin is the last comer; she is, of consequence, the chief favourite, and the shrine of St. Rosolia is, at present, rather neglected.

When we entered Morreale scarcely a breath of air was stirring, and we forcibly felt the stillness of morning. The principal street through which we

passed was quiet as the grave; it seemed as if it had once been the haunt of living beings, who now had left it to that kind of desolation which desertion or utter neglect produces. All the streets in this little town are narrow, the houses wretched, and nothing is to be seen but filth, and indications of misery, and convent walls, frightful and gloomy as the imagination can conceive, the fit abode of men of lax morality and austere profession, whose crimes, unless the history of the place is a mere fable, would long since have given them a passport to another world had they been in England. We halted in the market-place, where a few of the inhabitants had just opened their eyes and their doors, and having purchased bread and fruit, we were shortly surrounded by all the men, women, and children, who had left their beds, wondering what we did there so early in the morning; for the Sicilians, with the exception of those who tend their flocks amongst the mountains, are not timely risers. After refreshing ourselves with ice-water and Indian figs, and tossing a few grapes into the gaping mouths of the staring wonder-struck children around us, we drove off, leaving a party of little fellows scrambling for the last bunch of grapes we had thrown amongst them.

Leaving Morreale we continued ascending, knitting closer together the farther we were from our homes. As we pursued our journey, we frequently paused to look on the beautiful Vale of Palermo that now lay far below us, bounded on each side by lofty mountains of the most picturesque and romantic forms, and ornamented with mansions, vineyards, villages, and convents. The sea formed the boundary line of our horizon, save where far o'er the distant waves rose dimly the Lapari Islands, full seventy miles from the place where we stood. Shortly, we entered the pass of the mountains that inclose the Vale of Palermo—the golden shell of the Italian poets.

The road through these mountains is excellent, and has been cut at an immense expense. There are but few so good in England, and certainly not in any of your mountainous districts. As we entered these mountains, we alighted from our carriages, and took a short cut between two rugged rocks, where the pass is so contracted that neither the travelling vehicles of Sicily, nor even their horses, can proceed with safety. From this situation I made a sketch, looking towards Palermo, which was now nearly hid by the intercepting hills. I passed afterwards some scenes that I should have preferred to have exercised my pencil upon, but my politeness to the party I was with, and want of time, would not allow me to pause and sketch whenever I pleased. Had I done this, I doubt if I should have arrived at Segesta even by this time, on every side such a variety of scenes of sublimity and beauty met my eyes. Soon the rocks closed around us—above—below—and they seemed to forbid any attempt to penetrate farther.

In writing to you I tell you every thing in the order it occurs. You must, therefore, permit me to interrupt the detail of my journey for the purpose of informing you that I have been this moment called upon by a poor woman from Morreale, which is not quite a mile from the Rocca, to contribute towards purchasing wax lights, for the new Madonna, which are intended to be kept burning around her for ever. These strangely infatuated people would sooner deprive themselves of bread than the Virgin of her wax candles.

Excuse this digression: and now to proceed with my journey.

Rocks piled on rocks, mountains on mountains, reared their proud heads high o'er the light silvery clouds that sported on their bosoms, while the Sicilian peasantry, playing on rude pipes, which they make out of the reed, with their goats and cattle, were seen winding amongst them in various directions, giving life and beauty to the scene. There is a sweetness and a wildness in this simple instrument, when in the hands of a Sicilian, beyond any thing I ever heard. Their music is all extempore. They warble according to the feelings of the moment, never playing any regular tune, breathing into their pipes all the feelings of the heart, changing the light and airy tones of hope and joy into those of fear and despondency, as the thought of some perverse or cruel fair one crosses their bosoms. There are not, however, many *cruel* fair ones in this country.

Improbable as it may seem to you, excellent roads are cut nearly up to the summits of the mountains, many of them appearing to lead to the heavens, so much do they seem out of the way of human habitation; and where the glens are narrow, bridges are thrown across the most fearful depths.

We continued our journey, winding with amazing swiftness round the rocks, for the Sicilian coachmen fear nothing but banditti, with which these mountains abound. We were now on the edge of an immense precipice; my heart turned cold as I cast my eyes on the chasm below. I had no adequate conception of either height or depth before; and though perfectly safe, I shuddered with apprehension. I was just considering what an excellent haunt for banditti, and how admirably adapted to such scenery these mountain robbers are, when a sudden exclamation of "Good God!" from some of my companions, made me suspect that the picture which now occupied my mind was realized, until I turned round and saw an honest John Bull, with his round red face, staring with astonishment. His first salutation, which was uttered with considerable vehemence, was "Prior! Rodgers! how the devil came you here?" I was both diverted and pleased with this rough English salutation, so unexpectedly met with in the midst of Sicilian mountains, and at a time, too, when nothing less formidable and alarming than a banditti was running foul of my imagination. After a little chat we parted, and continued our toil, still ascending the mountains, which were now closer and closer knit together, till they almost excluded the light of heaven from all the scene below. I was again shuddering at the dark chasm that presented itself at my feet; I turned my eyes from it, to relieve myself from so unpleasant a sensation—Good Heaven! what a Paradise had opened on our view; a sudden turn of the road on the left displayed, for the first time, all the beauties of the Vale of Partinico. Richly ornamented palaces, towns, and villages, in the midst of the finest vineyards, lay beneath us, spreading as far as the eye could reach; rocks and mountains, connected in a long extended perspective with those which hung beetling over our heads, rose out of the plain, forming the middle distance of the picture. The Bay of Partinico, although it has an extent of sixty miles, occupied but a small part of the prospect, which terminated with the colour and brilliancy, was blended with, and seemed to make a part of, the sky. Descending from the height we had attained, we passed through a village, the name of which I do not remember. It is built on one of the lesser mountains, and had a very romantic appearance when we first saw it. The principal houses are on the summits, others adorn the sides, stretching into the plain beneath. This town formed a beautiful feature in the picture; a broad sunny light fell full upon it, forming a fine contrast to the transparent blue-air tint which, like a veil, improved the beauties it partially held in the distance. I was surprised when I entered the town to find the roads scarcely passable; but in every town we travelled through, save one, the roads were intolerably bad. There are as many hills and dales in the streets of a Sicilian village as would furnish Dr. Syntax with a subject for another poem on the picturesque. Luckily we soon quitted this place, and in a few minutes reached the plain, "where all, save the spirit of man, is divine," for this lovely spot of earth is inhabited chiefly by the banditti that infest the neighbouring mountains. The town of Partinico is their principal residence, as well as the principal town in the vale. There is an old saying, (not a very elegant one, I confess) that we ought to "give the devil his due;" therefore it is that I give the banditti of Partinico theirs. Their town is cleaner, better regulated, and the streets in better repair, than any place I have yet seen in Sicily, not excepting even Palermo. We arrived at Partinico about nine o'clock, where we remained until the heat of the day was over. After breakfast, some of the ladies took a short sleep. M. Montgomery and myself were the only two in the party who preferred walking to sleeping. Some of the gentlemen volunteered to be our beaux, and we strolled through the town to the King's Palace, but, unfortunately, we could not obtain admittance, as it had not occurred to us to provide ourselves with tickets of admission. We were invited into the garden, to take some fruit, and we gladly availed ourselves of the invitation. The gardener gathered us some strawberries, which are considered rarities here, and he gave us of the best fruits of the garden. He took us to the top of a ruined castle, whence we had a charming view of the Vale and the Bay of Partinico. After we descended, I took a sketch of the ruin, but found myself rather too low to see much of the distance. We now returned to our companions, and between two and three o'clock we pursued our journey; but I must pause here, and resume the narration of this excursion on some future day.—Adieu.

(To be continued.)

Literature, Criticism, &c.

[JUST PUBLISHED.]

SKETCHES IN IRELAND,

DESCRIPTIVE OF INTERESTING, AND HITHERTO UNNOTICED, DISTRICTS IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

(Continued from our last.)

LOUGH DERG; OR, THE RED LOUGH:

AN OLD LEGEND OF THE WITCH AND GIANT.

We at length landed; and I was not sorry, after giving my old Charon some silver, to get rid of him; and with my light, merry, and communicable guide to return towards Petigo. To beguile our mountain road, I asked the boy why the lake was called Lough Derg?—derg signifies red, in Irish: the water has no red colour, but is as clear as that of any other mountain lake—perhaps it is

called red from the quantity of red bog. "Oh, indeed, Sir;" and mind here, reader, I pray you, that my memory does not serve me to give the following story exactly in the boy's words, "that is not the reason I have heard the old people give: formerly, I hear say, it was called Lough Fin, or Fin M'Coul's Lough, but afterwards it was called Lough Derg, or the Red Lough; and the reason of that, as I have heard, is, that once upon a time, long ago, there was an old wicked witch of a woman, who had a great big giant of a son; and the whole of their evil days they spent in contriving how much mischief they could do in Ireland. The witch was knowledgable in all the bad herbs in the country, and her whole delight was to boil all these herbs in a pot, and brew poison, in which the son used to dip the points of his arrows; and every man or beast that he touched with one of these, surely died. Now this old witch went by an Irish name which signified the Hag with the Finger; for she had but one finger on each hand; but that finger, was withal so long, and so pliable, that it would execute all the bad plans which her evil mind contrived. Now Niul, King of Ireland was at his wits' end to know how he should get rid of this pest of an old woman; and he consulted wise men of those days, who were called Druids; and they said that none but the Fions could destroy her; and they could only do it by shooting her with a silver arrow. Whereupon King Niul sent for Fin M'Coul, and commanded him to rid the realm of Ireland of the Hag with the Finger; and you may be sure that Fin M'Coul, who was ever loyal and loved his country, did not refuse to hunt the Hag: so taking with him Oisin his son, and Gal M'Morni, and Cuneen Miul, he went in search of the bad woman. Now, so it is, that in East Munster there is a green hill, on which there is not a herb or flower, good or bad, bitter or sour, sweet or stinking, growing in all Ireland, that does not also grow on that little hill: and there the Hag with the Finger was a culling of simples; and she always carried the silver pot in which she boiled her poison. Now just as she was in the midst of this bad work, up came Fin and his heroes, and surprised the mother and son; and Gal M'Morni, who was foremost, let fly his arrow at the wicked ones; but it missed its aim, and only upset the pot and spilt the poison; and then it was, that, throwing the old mother over his shoulders, the giant made off as hard as possible through the bogs and woods; but just as she lay dangling at his back, Fin M'Coul let fly a silver arrow, which pierced her heart, and her bad soul flew off to hell, its proper place. But the stupid giant (for giants, they say, are always heavy-headed) perceived not that his mother was struck; and so onwards he went, never looking behind him, going as fast as ogres do, until he came to the mountains of Donegal; and there stopping to take rest, and looking behind him, he found nothing remaining of his mother, but her spindle shanks, her back-bone, and arms, not forgetting the long finger—all the rest worn and torn away while passing, as he did, with a strong man's speed, through woods and bushes and brakes. So finding nothing remaining but an anatomy of his old mother, here he threw her down on one of these hills, and away he went where he never was heard of more; and I hope he may never come back. Now it came to pass not many years after, as the Fions were hunting along these wilds of Donegal, in pursuit of a broad-horned deer, (one of those whose bones and antlers are found at the bottom of our bogs,) the party consisting of the same Fin M'Coul, Oisin, Gal M'Morni, and Cuneen Miul, came to the very hill and very spot, over yonder lake, where the giant boy cast down his mother's bones; and Oisin the poet, as he passed these relics of mortality, began to moralize as he saw bleaching under sun and shower, what man must come to. Thus, as the Fions were musing, a little red-haired, long-chinned, hump-backed dwarf passed by; and drawing near to the hunting party, standing as they were around the skeleton, the dwarf with great civility accosted them, and said, 'Gentlemen and valiant Irishmen, for such surely you seem to be from your appearance and bearing, I do entreat you to pass on, for I would have you to know that those bones before you are the remains of a perpetrator of evil; and even at this moment, mischief, extreme mischief, is mixed up with what lies before you; for, in the thigh bone of these relics of the Hag with the Finger, lies a red worm, which, if once let loose from its confinement, and if it gets water enough to drink, will destroy the world.' This news the dwarf gave with that sententious gravity that becomes such acute and quaint folk; and then, with the importance of a *lord*, he marched off, and pursued his path over the hills. Now it is right to inform the reader, that, of all the Finian race, Cuneen Miul was the most hand-over-head person, utterly regardless of consequences, a rollicking "pococurante" sort of a blade, very like a proper Paddy at the present day,

Whose sweetest *divarsion* that's under the sun,
Is to fight in a fair, for the sake of the fun,
And while fists are tossing,
And cudgels are crossing,
And every head broken,
Is of glory a token:
Huzza for the boys when the row is begun.

Such a personage was Cuneen Miul; and, therefore, smashing the Hag's thigh bone across with his hunting spear, out, without doubt, crawled forth a long hairy worm, that writhed and wriggled about as if looking for water; whereupon Cuneen Miul, all reckless of consequences, took the worm up on the point of his spear, and, giving it a sling, cried, 'There is water enough for you,' and he pitched it into the middle of yonder lough. My dear Sir, in an instant of time, and with the rapidity of enchantment, there arose out of the bosom of the lough, an enormous and turbulent beast, of such magnitude and destructiveness, that the Fions, with all their valour, were obliged to hide themselves from its fury: and then this prodigy ranged over the whole country, destroying man and beast, swallowing hundreds at a mouthful, whenever he unclasped his engulphing jaws.

Fin M'Coul and all his merry men were in the utmost dismay at this extraordinary event; and as force and valour were quite ineffectual against such a murderous monster, Fin had recourse to his wits, and as his custom was, he began to chew his thumb; and he had not long continued this osculat operation, until a spirit of wisdom came over him, and he was given to know that this devouring beast was only vulnerable at a spot where was a mole on her side; and with the discretion that always directed him, he made ready for the attack; and to that purpose prepared a short sharp cut-and-thrust sword; and with this rapier under his arm, he stood before the monster, who came ranging along with open mouth, sucking into that tremendous gulph hundreds of men—proceeding with such velocity, and doing such destructive deeds that the words of the rhymer might be applied when he says,

A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea,
And a kingdom bread and butter.

So, as I before said, Fin M'Coul stood before the monster; but instead of innocently submitting to be sucked in like a common man, Fin, famed as he was above all the Fions for feats of agility, took a hop, step, and leap, and fairly and clearly jumped down its throat, and, without any accident, he arrived at the bottom of its stomach; and there looking about, as well as such a dark place would permit, he observed about 200 men and women alive, who had been lately swallowed, one hundred quite dead, and sundry more who, under the agency of the gastric juice of the monster, were passing through the process of digestion and assimilation. You may be sure that Fin did not forego his activity in this black hole; and, therefore, he lost no time in ascertaining the topography of the aforesaid mole, when, after some groping, he found that it lay about twenty yards below the region of the heart; and to work he fell with his short sword, and in a little space of time he opened an orifice about the size of a coach-house door, in the monster's side, who, during the operation, no doubt, felt very alarming symptoms of cholera morbus; moreover, it is not to be supposed that Fin and his fellow prisoners were slow at making their exit from "durance vile;" and well it may be said, that such a jail-delivery was not since the evacuation of the Trojan horse. Thus Fin not only released many captives, but he spoiled the appetite altogether of the "blatant beast," who lay along bellowing, and its abominable blood streaming from its open side, and rushing like a mountain torrent into the lake, all whose waters were thereby dyed red; and so along the shore it lay, in purgatorial agony, suffering all the pains due to all its former voraciousness, until St. Patrick came; and he, in order to show unto the obstinate Pagans what power was committed unto a Christian saint, commanded the monster to arise and proceed to its appointed place at the bottom of the lough, where it lies to this day, living, and at times roaring, but for ever restrained by Patrick's power from coming ashore to perpetrate its former mischief. 'Tis true, in stormy weather, when the tempests sweeps over the lake, whose vexed billows appear like squadrons of white horsemen, making their battle charge on the eastern shores, then it is that the ancient monster is observed amidst the foam and fury of the elements, riding and bellowing across the lake; and many an old man can testify, that from the top of these hills he has seen the apparition, and has fled in terror, fearful of its coming ashore to resume its former destructiveness."

A most atrocious Pun.—A most inveterate and abominable punster, having been invited to tea, of which he was remarkably fond, happened to arrive after the tea things were removed; the lady of the house expressed her regret at the circumstance, and pressed him to partake, as a substitute, of some mince pies, which she warmly recommended. The punster, by way of answer, pointed to a musical instrument, and said, "My answer, Madam, is contained in the name of that instrument." No one could solve the enigma, upon which the proposer wrote down the following explanation, which he handed to the lady:

For tea pie?—ah! no,
or,
Pie? ah! no—for tea.

meaning that he did not relish the notion of taking pie instead of tea. It is almost unnecessary to add that the instrument pointed to was a piano-forte, or, forte piano.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Mar.										
28	29	19	41	0	43	0	50	0	N.W.	Rain.
29	28	97	36	0	36	0	47	0	N.W.	Stormy.
30	29	24	37	0	41	0	48	0	N.W.	Cloudy.
31	29	98	40	0	43	0	50	0	N.W.	Fair.
April										
1	29	85	41	0	44	0	51	0	N.N.W.	Rain.
2	29	90	45	0	49	0	58	0	N.N.W.	Fair.
3	29	74	47	0	53	0	58	0	W.S.W.	Cloudy.

28th,—Very stormy throughout the day; barometer, 9, p.m. 28: 70.

29th,—Very stormy during night; 8 a.m., hail and snow; frequent hailstorms throughout the day.

REMARKS FOR MARCH.

Monthly mean of atmospherical pressure, 29: 47; mean temperature,—extreme during night, 38: 12; eight, a.m., 42: 18; noon, 47; extreme during day, 48; general mean, 44; prevailing winds, westerly.

Tide Table.

Days.	Morn.		Even.		Height.		Festivals, &c.
	h.	m.	h.	m.	ft.	in.	
Tuesday ..	10	9	59	10	20	16	9		The evening.
Wednesday	11	10	38	10	59	18	5	Full Moon, 11h. 10m. in
Thursday..	12	11	18	11	38	19	2	
Friday	13	11	58	——		20	5	Good Friday.
Saturday..	14	0	19	0	40	20	4	
Sunday....	15	1	1	1	23	19	10	Easter Day.
Monday ..	16	1	47	2	10	18	4	Easter Monday.
Tuesday ..	17	2	37	3	5	16	9	Easter Tuesday.

Poetry.

SONNET.

The shock of joy had been fatal.—*Miss Mitford.*

Joy has its death; while o'er the wasted plain
Of desolation, all unheeding hies
The victor monarch, scorning tears and sighs,
Disdaining but in Arcady to reign;
To revel keep 'mid fairy scenes of bliss,
Bend his strong bow, and wing his shaft of might,
To strike in hours too redolent of light,
Strike to the beating heart of happiness!
Can joy be fatal, and has grief no death?
Seeks he alone his terrors to disclose
In bow'rs o'erhung with myrtle and the rose,
The cypress wreathed but for the brow of mirth?—
Eternity of days, for hearts that bleed,
And careless misery alone decreed.

Liverpool. G.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Herewith you will receive a familiar poetical invitation to the ladies of Colne, to patronize a Literary and Philosophical Society now about to be established here. It may be necessary to observe, that the public are admitted to such of its proceedings as do not interfere with its private management and arrangements, and the annexed lines were composed by one of the amateurs, and read in one of the public meetings. The writer had the satisfaction to find them amuse the company generally, and the ladies more particularly. They were read on Friday evening, the 11th inst. The lines probably may have little merit. The peculiarity of the circumstances might lead to their favourable reception. They were composed by a person in business, with few opportunities for literary pursuits, and who had never composed half as many lines, in verse, before.

Colne, March, 1827. J. L.

AN INVITATION TO THE LADIES OF COLNE AND ITS VICINITY, TO PATRONIZE THE COLNE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Come, ladies, lovely, kind, and fair,
To learning's temple now repair;
Lov'd science, here your interest courts,
Leave to the vulgar, vulgar sports.
Sweet learning's pleasures are refin'd,
And raise and ornament the mind.
Hail! loveliest of terrestrial forms,
For you possess the highest charms;
And these array'd in beauteous dress,
Make your attractions not the less.
Thus have kind nature, taste, and art,
To your fair persons done their part;
So science, now, must form your mind,
To joys more tranquil and refin'd;
Unnumber'd pleasures she makes known,
Peculiar to herself alone.
The pleasures of the mind as far
Surpass the sensual, as a star
Is by the glorious orb of day
Surpass'd in his meridian way.
That you *are curious*, ladies, we
Experience to our cost, you see;
For when you were in Eden plac'd,
With ev'ry fruit of ev'ry taste,
Which you might freely eat, *save one*,
This would your fancy please alone;
And thus came death and ev'ry ill,
Which are our bitter portion still.

But science, now, provides a feast
With ev'ry delicacy grac'd;
But God and nature both invite
You here, to banquet with delight;
No tempting fruit is here forbid,
No pleasures from your senses hid.

View your fair sex in countries rude,
To ev'ry drudgery subdued;
They dig the ground, and sweat and toil,
To raise their food from stubborn soil.
No dress to make their persons neat,
Or screen them from the scorching heat;
Slaves to their cruel husbands, they
In bondage pass their lives away.
Ladies, yours is a happier state,
And brighter prospects you await;
We hail you equals, partners fair,
And the sweet soothers of our care;
Then value knowledge, science, art,
Which can such happiness impart.

Ladies, would you the earth explore,
Riches unknown are there in store,
Which your attention will repay,
And its rich stores to you display;
It is a storehouse full of treasure,
Gold and silver without measure
Safely beneath its surface lie,
To cheer the miner's anxious eye.
Stone and marble here are found,
Which cut, and rais'd upon the ground
Are form'd to houses, that give shelter
When the storms come helter skelter.
Coals and turf from hence we raise,
Which gives the hearth its cheerful blaze;
This is the science of *Geology*—
Begin it, ladies—*sans* apology.

But would you, ladies, not be found
Beneath the surface of the ground,
Viewing its layers of earth and clay,
You have your choice, and you may stay
Upon its surface firm and tight,
Nor hide your beauties from our sight.

Is then *Geography* your choice?
We bow to your persuasive voice;
Oceans and lakes, rivers and seas,
Are things, which most your fancy please,
And continents, and islands, capes,
And lands of divers forms and shapes;
All cities, too, and ev'ry town,
You wish to know that can be known,
With all the customs, manners, dress,
Of nations which the world possess,
With latitude and longitude
Of countries civilized and rude;
Ladies, this is a pleasing art,
In this, you must perform your part.

But if you love the fields to tread,
Or cull the flowers that deck the mead,
Or view the plants of various size,
In rich variety that rise,
And shrubs and trees, of ev'ry kind,
That spread their foliage to the wind—
All these to class, and know each name,
Is *Botany*.—Is this your aim?
This, ladies, is a charming study,
'Twill make health more firm—
Your cheeks more ruddy.

Should *Chymistry* invite your skill,
Then you may lavender distil,
Or otto of roses—sweeter yet,
To scent your persons and toilet.
But chymistry is not confined
To sweet perfumes of any kind;
There is both pure and noxious gas,
Divers retorts, and tubes of glass,—
Through which such nauseous smells ascend
As do olfactory nerves offend;
But so it is;—the path of life
Is mixed with love, and mixed with strife;—
The rose, the sweetest flower that blows,
Bears a sharp thorn where'er it grows.
But chymistry all thought surpasses,
And proves the world is nought but gases.

Would you *Astronomy* prefer,—
The hand of science points to her,
As worthy of your best regard,—
She will your labour well reward.
No art so much expands the mind,
Or gives us pleasures more refined:
The boundless realms of space display
Vast worlds—in *orbs* of bright array;
Which, in their mighty courses, move
In one harmonious bond of love.
There perfect order ever reigns
Throughout the bright celestial plains;
And planet, satellite, and sun,
Their everlasting courses run.
Then leave the earth, ye fair, and rise
To trace the wonders of the skies.

Behold our sister world,—the moon,
Our fair companion round the sun;
Observe her continents, and seas,
And her volcanoes, if you please:
See how the sun first lights her hills,
Next, his bright beam her valleys fills.
Who knows, but better telescopes
May show her Cardinals and Popes:
Or, should our sister not have these,
May show her Bishops, and their Sees,—
Her churches and her chapels, too,
Will then appear fair to our view
If such there be—but, peradventure,
There's neither Churchman nor Dissenter.

Sweet *Poetry's* a pleasing art,
And soft emotions can impart;
Let this, fair ladies, have a share
Of any leisure you can spare:
On sweet pianos you can play,
And charm us with a tuneful lay:
But when you sing your own sweet sonnet,
'Twill charm us more—depend upon it.

But there are other arts than these,
Which you may study, if you please:—
There's *Physiology*, which shows
The works of nature and her laws.
Anatomy, too, is a study
Which shows the structure of the body;
And *Osteology* makes known
The nature and the forms of bone:
Mechanics, too, explain the cause
Of motion, and its various laws,
As to machines they are apply'd,
And mills, and carriages beside;
But, *Metaphysics* does embrace
Whate'er exists in boundless space,—
The rules and laws which regulate
All being throughout every state.
I might, too, other subjects mention,
Which would repay your best attention.
Amongst the rest is *Legislation*,
The laws which regulate a nation;
As these are *bad*—or *good* and *wise*,
Nations will *sink*—or they will *rise*:
Will be made happy, good, and great,
Or perish in a wretched state.
Ladies, we live in a blessed land,
Whose sons have nobly made a stand
Against tyrannic power:—may we
Be found their worthy progeny;
Nor let a tyrant, nor his slaves,
E'er tread the land that "rules the waves."

Ladies, my humble rhymes excuse,
My aim's to please and to amuse;
I court not, now, the theme sublime,
In lofty verse and stately rhyme,
I leave these for another time.
Poets their various gifts display,
In varied subjects, varied lay.
There is another reason, too,
Perhaps it has occurred to you;
If this, say you, is poetry,
Surely we all may poets be:
Come, try your hands, fair ladies, then,
Rest the bright needles—ply the pen,—
Amongst you, ladies, soon may we
A Smith, a Moore, a Barbauld, see.

Correspondence.

ARCHITECTURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The annexed explanation of the term *Gothic* is from Britton's last volume, and will be new to most readers and connoisseurs. I wish the architect of the new church, at the top of Bold-street, had studied a little more before he adopted, for the side and east end windows, one of the least elegant of Gothic lights. What could have induced him to make both church and windows as heavy as possible, with so many excellent publications to choose from? When finished, I dare say it will be admired, in the newspapers, in that slang phrase, *chaste* and elegant architecture. *Chaste* and *classical* was the phrase universally used in speaking of the church in Cornwallis-street, though no one but themselves ever heard of a spire over a Grecian temple; and as it is done, the unwieldy mass is built so near the portico edge, that it looks to the eye extremely dangerous. The *Globe* calls the present race of architects a stupid set, and one would sometimes think, by their blunders, that they had all been educated in Ireland.

Buckingham says that the Grecian temples were all erected upon eminences, which made them so regardless of the bad line of their long barn-like roofs; and that in the inside they are all very mean and pitiful in their dimensions; so that they are every way unfit for a Christian church. ANON.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Vasari, in the sixteenth century, applied to the architecture of the middle ages the term *Maniera Tedesca*, that the German, or Teutonic manner; and speaks of it as a disgrace to those who practised it. This phrase of Vasari seems to have been much used by his countrymen. The Italians generally called the pointed style by the name of *Tedesco*, or German,—because the specimens of this style, which they were best acquainted with, existed in Germany; and because the architects who raised the few pointed structures, which are found in Italy, were mostly Germans.

Palladio, and some other Italian artists and writers, employed the title *Gottica*, or *Gottico-tedesca*, Gothic, or Gothic German. This was originally intended as an opprobrious appellation, and was assumed and continued in the same spirit by succeeding writers on architecture in France and England.—Mr. Evelyn, (who in his "Account of Architects and Architecture," page 9, says that the Goths and Vandals introduced a certain fantastical and licentious manner of building, which we have since called modern, or Gothic rather,) appears, about 1697, to have brought the term Gothic into use in this country, and he was followed by Sir C. Wren, whose authority gave currency to the term, and led to its use by the majority of those who wrote on the subject during the 18th century. But Wren, though he employed the word Gothic, did not consider it as expressive of the origin of the mode of building which it designated. He believed that it was derived from the Saracens, and therefore proposed that it should be denominated the *Saracenic*. Though this opinion was adopted by many, the appellation seems to have been seldom employed.

The Rev. G. Millers, in his Guide to the Cathedral of Ely, says, "The *Saxon* and *Norman* styles are very properly denominated from the two nations in which they respectively flourished. To the style which succeeded these, the *Goths* are no more entitled to the honour of giving a name than the *Peruvians* or the *Chinese*. The name was not contemporary with the style, and was intended to be contemptuous and opprobrious. Since ecclesiastical architecture has been accurately and successfully studied, of late years, every man of taste and judgment has been dissatisfied with it. In the account of Durham Cathedral, published by the Antiquarian Society, the more appropriate and honourable name *English* is substituted for it, and most satisfactory reasons are given for the substitution."

Though it is very probable that the pointed architecture was invented by English artists, yet as all the buildings in which such pointed style was used, were always appropriated to the peculiar rites and customs of the Christians, it may be safely asserted to have been invented and adopted by them. Mr. Britton, therefore, proposes, for the future, the substitution of the term "*Christian Architecture*," as being more correct and unobjectionable.—*Britton's Architectural Antiquities, vol. 5.*

Fashions for April.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Pelisse of primrose gros de Naples, or lutestring, lined with white sarsnet; the corsage plain, fastened behind, and ornamented with two rows of crescents interlaced, the points projecting outwards. The same kind of trimming is continued down the front of the skirt, and nearly meets at the waist, but widens and enlarges as it descends; it turns off circularly, and forms the border of the dress: a rouleau, raised in front, and formed into an extended bow, fills the intermediate space, and unites with the crescent trimming; the ends of the bow continue all round, beneath the border, and a wadded rouleau hem terminates the dress. The sleeves, of the same material, are long and easy, with large white tulle sleeves over them, confined at the wrist by bead bracelets, with cameo clasps. Vandyked pelerine of tulle, the ends extending below the waist, and confined by the ceinture in front. Large Mexican hat of lavender and primrose gros de Naples; the crown low, and ornamented with ribbons of each colour, and larger white ostrich feathers. The strings, one of primrose, the other of lavender-colour ribbon, are untied, and reach nearly to the knees, and have each two bows at the end. The hair, parted on the forehead, is in large curls, with two beautiful Provins roses on each side. Ear-rings and necklace of emerald and gold, fastened very tastefully with a locket pending from the centre; gold watch and chain. Lavender-colour gloves and shoes.

BALL DRESS.—Dress of rose-colour crêpe lisse over a white satin slip; the corsage full, rather high in front, and edged with an entwined narrow rouleau, beneath a blond tucker. The sleeves are short, and set in a rose-colour satin band, and partly encased by tulip leaves, forming a kind of calyx. The skirt has three rows of graduated satin leaves, each division forming a cone, the top commencing with a diamond-shaped leaf, then a ring of satin, then tulip leaves, and a small double satin rouleau follows, and heads the next row of tulip leaves, which are larger than those above, and smaller than those beneath. The whole is finished by a large satin rouleau, and forms a new and elegant trimming. Rose-colour satin sash, tied behind. The hair in large curls in front, with ringlets on each side behind the ears. Long white kid gloves, trimmed with a quilling of tulle at the top. Gold ear-rings, bracelets, and necklace, with emerald clasps. Rose-colour embroidered satin shoes.

NEW PATENTS.

To Sir William Congreve, of Cecil-street, Strand, for a new motive power.—Dated the 8th of February, 1827.—6 months allowed to enrol specification.

To William Stratton, of Limehouse, engineer, for an improved apparatus for heating air by means of steam.—12th of February.—6 months.

To John George Prist, of the Old City Chambers, Bishopsgate, for certain improvements, communicated from abroad, in copper and other plate printing.—14th of February.—6 months.

To Philip Jacob Heisch, of America-square, for improved machinery for spinning cotton, communicated from abroad.—20th of February.—2 months.

To Charles Barwell Coles, Esq. late of Duke-street, Manchester-square, and William Nicholson, of Manchester, civil engineer, for a new method of constructing gasometers, communicated from abroad.—20th of Feb.—6 months.

To William Benecke, of Deptford, in the behalf of M. W. Pescatore, of Luxemburgh, for a machine for crushing seeds and other oleaginous substances, for the purpose of extracting oil therefrom.—20th of February.—6 months.

To William Jefferies, of London-street, Radcliffe, brass-manufacturer, for improvements in calcining or roasting and smelting or extracting metals from ores, &c.—20th of February.—6 months.

To Pierre Erard, of Great Marlborough-street, musical instrument-maker, for improvements in the construction of piano-fortes, communicated from abroad.—20th of February.—6 months.

To Augustus Count de la Garde, of St. James's-square, for a method of making paper from the ligneous parts produced from certain textile plants in the process of preparing them by the patent rural mechanical brake, and which substances are to be employed alone, or mixed with other suitable materials in the manufacture of paper.—20th of February.—6 months.

To William Smith, of Sheffield, for an improved method of manufacturing cutlery and other articles of hardware, by means of rollers.—20th of February.—6 months.

To Joseph F. Ledsam, of Birmingham, for purifying coal-gas by means not hitherto used.—2nd of March.—6 months.

To Jonathan Lucas, and Henry Ewbank, both of Mincing-lane, for an improved process for dressing of paddy or rough rice.—10th of March.—2 months.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Upper Kennington-lane, Surrey, engineer, for improvements in machinery for making metal screws.—17th of March.—6 months.

To Benjamin Rotch, of Furnival's Inn, Esq. for his diagonal prop for transferring perpendicular to lateral pressure.—22nd of March.—6 months.

To James Stewart, of Store-street, Bedford-square, piano-forte maker, for improvements on piano-fortes, and in the mode of stringing the same.—22nd of March.—6 months.

To James Woodman, of Piccadilly, perfumer, for his improvement in shaving and other brushes.—22nd of March.—6 months.

To James Perkins, of Fleet-street, engineer, for improvements in the construction of steam-engines.—22nd of March.—6 months.

WAKEFIELDS' TRIAL.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND REVISED.

Just published, price *Sixpence*, in a pamphlet of twenty-eight closely-printed pages,

An accurate Report of the TRIAL of Mr. EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, Mr. WILLIAM WAKEFIELD, and Mrs. FRANCES WAKEFIELD, for a Conspiracy to effect the

ABDUCTION OF MISS ELLEN TURNER,

The only Child and presumptive Heiress of W. TURNER, Esq of Shrigley Park, Cheshire.

Tried before Mr. Baron HULLOCK, and a Special Jury, at the Lancaster Assizes, March 23, 1827.

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Humo sum—humani a me nil alienum puto.

By M. CAREY, Member of the American Philosophical, and of the American Antiquarian Society, and Author of the Olive Branch, Vindiciæ Hibernicæ, Essays on Banking, on Political Economy, and on Internal Improvement.

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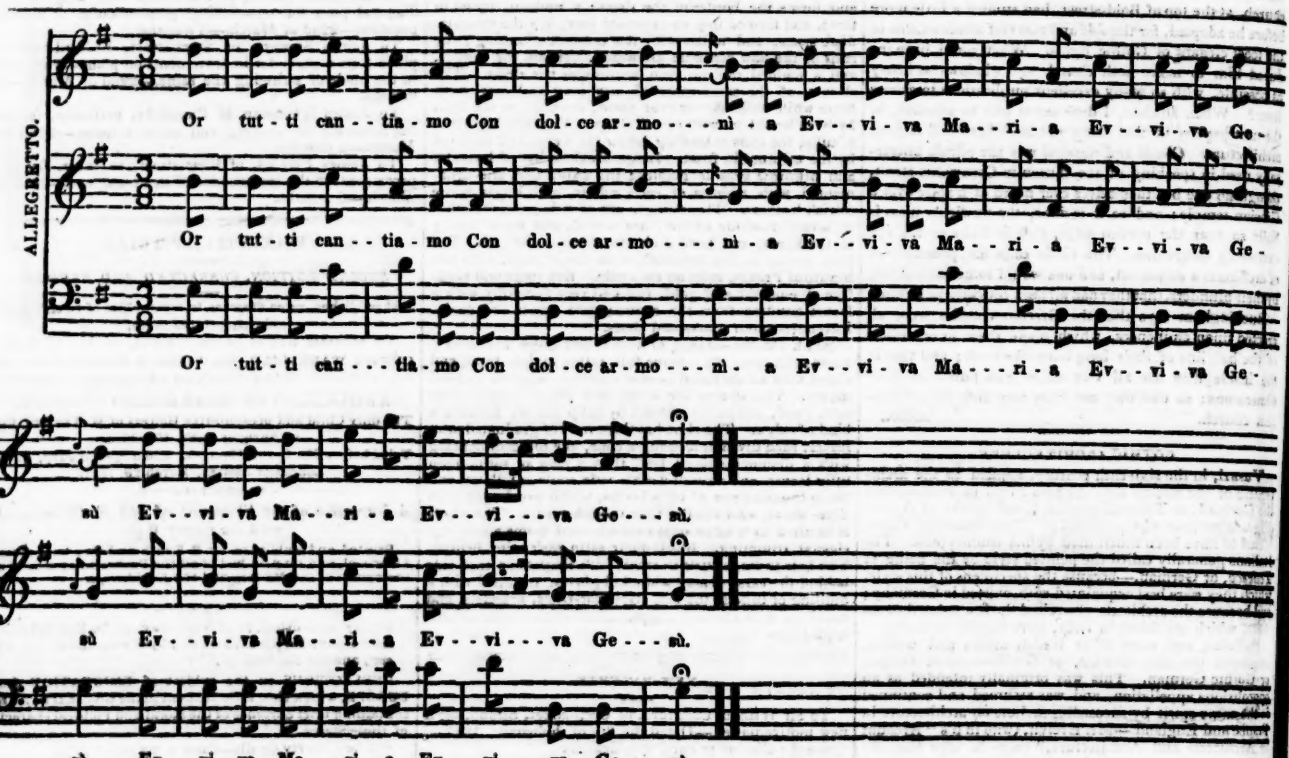
TE A SALUTAR VENIAMO,

A TRE, DEL SIGNOR MAESTRO PIETRO GUGLIELMI

PER USO DEL R. P. F. M. DOYLE, P. DI F. E MUSICA NEL COLLEGIO DI S. ISIDORO, ROMA.

[THIRD PART.]



The Drama.

WILLIAM TELL,

A DRAMA.

Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller.

LONDON: PRINTED 1825.

(Concluded from page 322.)

ACT V.—SCENE II.

An outer room in TELL's *house, with the door standing open:—a fire burning on the hearth.*

HEDWIG—WALTER—*and* WILLIAM.

HEDWIG.
To-day returns your father!—Dear, dear children!
He lives, is free! and we are free, and all!
And 'tis your father, who the land has sav'd.

WALTER.
And I, dear mother, have assisted also;
Me must they name with him! My father's arrow
In peril plac'd my life, and I did not
So much as tremble.

HEDWIG.
Yes! a second time
Thou'rt given to me! Twice have I given thee birth,
Twice have I borne for thee a mother's pangs
But it is pass'd—I have you both again!
And your dear father home returns to-day!

[A MONK *appears at the door.*

WILLIAM.
See, mother, see! there stands a pious brother,
Who doubtless asks an alms.

HEDWIG.
Conduct him in,
And give him some refreshment! Let him feel
That he is come into the house of gladness.

[*She goes, and returns with a cup.*

WILLIAM.
Enter, good man! my mother brings refreshment!

WALTER.
Come, rest yourself, and go recruited hence!

MONK *(gazing wildly around him.)*
Where am I?—Tell me in what land I am?

WALTER.
Are you bewildered, that you know not that?
You are at Burglen, in the land of Uri,
Through which the traveller seeks the Schachenthal.

MONK.
Are you alone?—Is not your husband with you?

HEDWIG.
I look for him even now.—But what's the matter?
You seem not like a messenger of good!
—Whoe'er you be, you need assistance! Take it!

[*Giving him the cup.*

MONK.
Although my fainting soul thirsts for refreshment,
I will not touch it, till you promise me—

HEDWIG.
Touch not my garments—come not nearer to me;
Remain aloof, if you would have me hear you!

MONK.
Here by this fire which hospitably blazes,
By the beloved heads of these your children,
Which I embrace—

HEDWIG.
Man! what is it you mean?
Back! from my children back!—You are no monk!
No! no!—Under these garments peace should dwell,
But in your troubled features peace dwells not.

MONK.
I am of all mankind the most unhappy!

HEDWIG.
Unhappiness speaks strongly to the heart,
But your looks cause my inmost soul to shudder.

WALTER *(springing up.)*
Mother!—my father!

[*He hurries out.*

HEDWIG *(attempting to follow.)*
O my God!

WILLIAM.
Our father!

WALTER.
And thou art here again!

WILLIAM.
My dear, dear father!

TELL.
Yes! here I am again!—Where is your mother?

WALTER.
There at the door she stands, and cannot further,
So trembles she for terror, and for joy!

TELL.
Oh! Hedwig! Hedwig! mother of my children!
God has preserv'd:—no tyrant parts us more.

HEDWIG.
Oh! Tell! what have I not endur'd for thee!

[*The* MONK *becomes attentive.*

TELL.
Forget it now, and live only for joy!
See! here I am again! This is my hut!
And here I stand once more in my own home!
WILLIAM.
But, father, where hast thou thy cross-bow left?
I see that not.
TELL.
And never more wilt see it!
Within a holy place it is preserved,
Never to serve the hunter's purpose more.
HEDWIG.
Oh! Tell! oh! Tell!
TELL.
What frights thee, dearest wife?
HEDWIG.
How—how—dost thou return to me! This hand—
May I dare press it?—Gracious God! This hand—
TELL.
Has you protected, and my country sav'd,
And freely up to Heaven I dare to raise it.
[*The* MONK *makes a sudden motion.*
Who is the brother here!
HEDWIG.
I had forgot him!
Speak thou with him—his presence frightens me.
MONK.
Are you that Tell, by whom the Bailiff fell?
TELL.
I am, and from no mortal seek to hide it.
MONK.
You are that Tell!—Then is it God's own hand
Which has beneath your roof conducted me.
TELL.
You are no monk! Who are you?
MONK.
You have slain
The Bailiff, who had injur'd you. I also
Have slain an enemy who refus'd me justice.
Your enemy he was as well as mine,
And I have rid the land of him.
TELL *(stepping back.)*
You are—
Horrible!—Children! children, go! get hence!
Go, dearest wife! Go! go!—Unhappy man!
Could you be—
HEDWIG.
Heavens! who is it?
TELL.
Do not ask!
Away, away! The children must not hear!
—The house abandon!—Under the same roof
Thou should'st not dwell a moment with this man.
HEDWIG.
Alas! who is it?—Come!
[*Goes out with the children.*
TELL.
You are the Duke
Of Austria!—You are!—and you have slain
The Emperor—your uncle and liege-lord!
DUKE JOHN.
He had despoiled me of my heritage.
TELL.
Your uncle slain—your Emperor! And the earth
Yet bears you! And the sun yet looks upon you!
DUKE.
Tell, hear me, ere you—
TELL.
Dropping with the blood
Of one so near to thee, and so exalted,
Dar'st thou my unpolluted dwelling enter?
Dar'st thou to a good man thy face present,
And claim the rights of hospitality?
DUKE.
From you I hoped to find compassion!—you
Took vengeance on your foe!
TELL.
Unhappy man!
Would'st thou ambition's bloody crime confound
With the stern duty urged upon a father?
Hast thou a child's beloved head protected,
Guarded the holy sanctuary of thy home,
The last—the fearfulest extremity
From all thou most art bound to warded off?
—To heaven I lift my spotless hands, and curse
Thee and thy deed.—I only have avenged
That holy nature thou hast dared to shame.
Nought do I share with thee:—murdered hast thou;
I but defended what was dearest to me.
DUKE.
And will you from your presence drive me thus,
Forlorn—despairing?
TELL.
Horror fills my soul,
Whilst I discourse with thee!—Away! pursue
Thy fearful path, and unpolluted leave
The happy cot, where dwell the innocent.
DUKE.
Then longer live I cannot, and I will not!
TELL.
And yet I pity thee!—Great God in heaven!
So young—from such a noble stem deriv'd,
Grandson of Rudolph, my liege-lord and Emperor,
An outlaw'd murderer, on my threshold here,
Mine, the poor man's—entreating and despairing!
[*Concealing his face.*
DUKE.
If you can weep, oh! let my destiny
Move pity! It is terrible!—A prince—
I was—might have liv'd happily,
Had I controll'd the impatience of my wishes.
But envy gnaw'd my bosom, when I saw
My cousin Leopold, altho' so young,
With land rewarded, and with glory crown'd;
Whilst I, of equal age, was doom'd my youth
To pine away in slavish pupilage.
TELL.
Unhappy man! well did thy uncle know thee,
When he denied thee land and people. Thou,
By this rash, frenzied act, hast fearfully
Thyself his wise precaution justified.
—Where are the bloody partners of thy guilt?
DUKE.
Where the avenging spirit drives them!—I
Have never seen them since that fatal day.
TELL.
Know'st thou that thou art outlaw'd—art alike
Dead to each friend, abandoned to each foe?
DUKE.
Therefore avoid I every beaten track,
No cottage dare approach to beg for shelter,
Turn to the wilderness my fainting steps,
A terror to myself roam through the mountains,
And shuddering back from my own shadow start,
If but a brook reflect my unblest image.
—Oh! if you feel humanity and pity—
[*Falling down before him.*
TELL.
Stand up! stand up!
DUKE.
Not till your hand you reach,
To promise me assistance.
TELL.
Can I help you?
Can I, a sinful mortal?—But stand up!
Tho' horrible your crime, you are a man;
I also am a man, and none from Tell
Shall e'er depart without receiving comfort.
All that is possible, that will I do.
DUKE.
O Tell,
You save me from despair!
TELL.
Let go my hand!
You must away!—Here could you not remain
Without discovery; and, discovered, could not
Count on protection.—Whither will you turn?
Where hope you peace to find?
DUKE.
Alas! I know not!
TELL.
Hear, then, what Heaven suggests! You must away
To Italy, and seek St. Peter's city;
There fall before the footstool of the Pope,
Confess your crime, and purify your soul.
DUKE.
Will he not to the avenger give me over?
TELL.
Whate'er he wills, receive as God's decree.
DUKE.
How shall I come into the unknown land?
I have no knowledge of the way, and dare not
Follow the steps of those who journey thither.
TELL.
The way will I describe to you:—mark well!
—Hence you ascend beside the impetuous Reuss,
Which, a wild torrent, rushes from the mountains.
DUKE.
See I the Reuss?—The bloody deed it witnessed!
TELL.
Close on the precipice ascends the road,
By many a cross distinguished, raised to those
Who buried lie beneath the avalanche.
DUKE.
Not nature's wildest terrors would appal me,
Could I but quell the torments of the heart.
TELL.
Before each cross fall down, and expiate
With hot repentant tears your heavy guilt;
And should you safely pass this glen of terrors,
Sends not the mountain from its icy summit
Down on your head the avenging avalanche,
You reach the fearful bridge, which the wild torrent,
Foaming impetuous down, half hides in spray.
And if it break not in beneath your guilt,
Have you that danger happily escap'd,
The yawning cliff presents a gloomy chasm,
Which day has never visited;—this passed,
Conducts you to a cheerful vale of gladness,
But hurrying steps must bear you swift across it,
—You may not linger near the abodes of peace.
DUKE.
O Rudolph! Rudolph! kingly ancestor!
Enters thy grandson thus on thy domains?
TELL.
Ascending ever thus, the heights you reach
Of the St. Gothardt, where the eternal lakes
Are filled from heaven's own reservoirs.—You there
Take leave of this our German land; and thence
Another stream, with gentler current down,
Conducts you to the promised Italy.
[*The sound of many horns is heard, playing the Ranz-des-vaches.*
Voices I hear! Away!
HEDWIG *(hurrying in.)*
Where art thou, Tell?
Thy father comes, and the confederates
Approach in glad procession.
DUKE.
Woe is me!
I dare not tarry where the happy dwell.
TELL.
Go, dearest wife! procure this man refreshment;
With gifts provide him largely—for his way
Lies distant far, and he will find no shelter.
—Be quick! they come!
HEDWIG.
Who is it?
TELL.
Do not ask;
And when he leaves thee, turn away thine eyes,
That they perceive not towards what point he journies!
[*The* DUKE *makes a sudden motion, as if about to approach* TELL, *who warns him off with his hand, and they leave the cottage, on different sides.*

SCENE III.

Opens and discovers the whole of the valley before TELL'S *cottage, with the eminences which surround it, covered with peasants, who collect themselves towards one spot.—Others are seen descending a steep path which leads over the Schachen.—*WALTER FURST, *with the two boys,* MELCHTAL *and* STAUFFACHER *come forwards:—others press after them.—As soon as* TELL *steps out of the house, all receive him with the greatest demonstration of gladness.*

ALL.
Long live our archer, and our saviour, Tell!
[*While those who are the nearest, press round* TELL, *and embrace him,* RUDENZ *and* BERTHA *enter, and warmly congratulate* HEDWIG *and the peasants.—The music from the mountains accompanies this mute scene.—As soon as it is ended,* BERTHA *steps forward into the midst of the people, and speaks.*
BERTHA.
Confederates! Countrymen! Me also take
Into your league—the first, the happiest,
Who has found safety in the land of freedom.
In your brave hands I place my fortunes.—Say!
Will you defend me as a citizen?
PEASANTS.
With goods and life will we.
BERTHA.
To this young man
My hand with all my rights, then, here I give,
—The free Swiss heiress to the free Swiss man.
RUDENZ.
And here declare I all my vassals free.
[*As the music suddenly recommences, the curtain falls.*
FINIS.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

WAR.—A PARTING SCENE.

FROM THE "EVENTFUL LIFE OF A SOLDIER, DURING THE LATE WAR IN PORTUGAL, SPAIN, AND FRANCE. BY A SERGEANT OF THE ** REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

The following extract details a portion of the "drawing" of the soldiers' wives, to ascertain the individuals who were to accompany their husbands on foreign service, and the embarkation of the regiment for Portugal:

"The next in turn was the wife of a young man, who was much respected in the company for his steadiness and good behaviour. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition. She advanced with a palpitating heart to decide on (what was to her, I believe,) her future happiness or misery. Trembling between fear and hope she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so that she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open. When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried out to him, in a tone of agony,—'Tell me, for God's sake, what it is!'—'Not to go,' said he, in a compassionate tone of voice.—'Oh, God help me! oh, Sandy!' she exclaimed, and sunk lifeless into the arms of her husband, who had pressed forward to her assistance. The drawing was interrupted, and she was carried by him to his birth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. She was soon recovered from her swoon; but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband, when she seized his hand, and held it, as if she was afraid that he was going to leave her.—'Oh, Sandy, you'll no leave me and your poor babie, will you?' The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair.

"The scene drew tears from every eye in the room, with the exception of the termagant whom I have already mentioned, who said,—'What are ye a' makin' sic a wark about? let the babie get her greet out. I suppose she thinks there's nacbody ever parted with their men but her, wi' her faintin', and her airs, and her wark.'

"'Oh, you're an oul hardhearted devil,' said Dennis, 'an unfeeling oul hag, and the devil 'ill never get his due till he gets you;' and he took her by the shoulders and pushed her out of the room. She would have turned on Dennis, but she had got a squeeze frum him on a former occasion, and I dare say she did not like to run the risk of another.

"The drawing was again commenced, and various were the expressions of feeling evinced by those concerned. The Irish women, in particular, were loud in their grief. It always appeared to me that the Irish either feel more acutely than the Scotch or English, or that they have less restraint on themselves in expressing it. The barrack, through the rest of that day, was one continued scene of lamentation.

"I was particularly interested in the fate of Sandy and his wife. There was no comfort that I could give, unless leading her to hope that we should soon return. 'Oh, no,' said she, 'when we part here, I am sure we shall never meet again in this world!'

"We were to march the next morning early. The most of the single men were away drinking. I slept in the birth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed, but sat the whole night in their birth, with their only child between them, alternately embracing it and each other, and lamenting their cruel fortune. The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness; but in vain: some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontrolable.

"When the first bugle sounded, he got up, and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In laying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which they had used together, the idea seemed fixed in her mind, that they would never use them in that way again; and as she put them aside, she watered them with her tears. Her teapot, her cups, and every thing they had used in common—all had their apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation; but she said she would take the last minute in his company that she could. The regiment fell in, and marched off, amid the wailing of those who, having two or three children, could not accompany us to the place of embarkation. Many of the men had got so much intoxicated that they were scarcely able to walk.

"When we arrived at the place where we were to embark, a most distressing scene took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them, indeed, it did not appear to affect much; others had got themselves nearly tipsey; but the most of them seemed to feel acutely. When Sandy's wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all government of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. 'Oh, dinna, dinna, leave me!' she cried. The vessel was hauling out. One of the sergeants came to tell her she would have to go on shore. 'Oh, they'll never be so hardhearted as to part us!' said she; and running aft to the quarter-deck, where the commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees, with the child in her arms. 'Oh! will you no let me gang wi' my husband? Will ye tear him frae his wife and his wean? He has nae frien's but us—nor we ony but him; and, oh! will ye mak' us a' frien'less? See my wie babie plaidin' for us!'

The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feelings; tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favourable to her cause. 'Oh, ay, I see you have a feeling heart: you'll let me gang wi' him. You have nae wife; but if you had, I am sure you would think it unco hard to be torn frae her this way—and this wee darlin'.'

"'My good woman,' said the officer, 'I feel for you much; but my orders are peremptory, that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands. You have had your chance as well as the other women; and although it is hard enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet there are many more in the same predicament; and it is totally out of my power to help it.'

"'Well, well,' said she, rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast; 'it's a' owrie wi' us, my puir babie; this day leaves us frien'less on the wide world!'

"'God will be your friend,' said I, as I took the child from her until she would get into the boat. Sandy had stood like a person bewildered all this time, without saying a word.

"'Farewell, then, a last farewell, then,' said she to him;—'where's my babie?' I handed him to her—'Give him a last kiss, Sandy.' He pressed the infant to his bosom in silent agony; 'Now, a's owre: farewell, Sandy! we'll may be meet in heaven;' and she stepped into the boat with a wild and despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was almost out of our sight in an instant; but, as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the births in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow! his wife's forebodings were too true: what became of her I have never been able to learn."

The Beauties of Chess.

"Ludimus effigiem belli."—VIDA.

CHESS ERRATUM.—In the last chess table, No. 135, an error passed unobserved, which we must beg our chess readers to correct with a pen. There ought not to have been a pawn upon D. With a penknife and a little care the black pawn may be erased, and the shading filled up by the pen.

SOLUTION TO GAME CXXXV.

WHITE.		BLACK.	
1 Bishop	G 6	1 King	F 8
2 Pawn	E 7 X	2 King	G 8
3 Pawn	F 7 X MATE.		

To compel the Black to win.

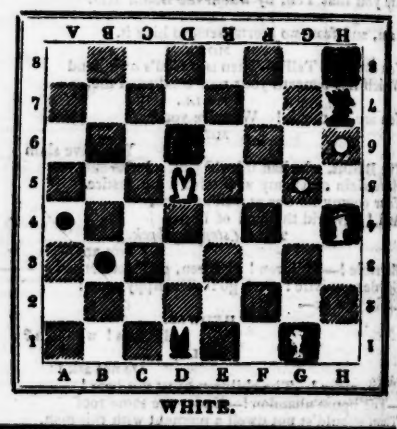
1 Castle	H 8 X	1 Bishop	F 8
2 Knight	A 4	2 Pawn	A 5
3 Bishop	B 5		

Black is compelled to take the Pawn B 4 and checkmate.

NO. CXXXVI.

The white to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Black.



WHITE.

To Correspondents.

EMIGRATION.—The publication of Wakefield's Trial has somewhat retarded the pamphlet on Emigration, which we announced a few weeks ago. It is now published; and may be had of the Agents for the *Kaleidoscope*. We repeat, that this recent American work, which we republish, is honest, and may be depended upon. It is not one of those numerous publications got up for sale, by writers, or rather compilers, who, if they can find a market for their ware, too often care little or nothing for the inconvenience, misery, and ruin which may result from the adoption of the blind advice they presume to give. Under the conviction that "drowning men will catch at a straw," Mr. Carey, so far from counselling wholesale or indiscriminate emigration, particularly cautions a certain class of persons not to make an experiment which must, in these cases, be unsuccessful.

WILLIAM TELL.—In order to bring the original translation of Schiller's William Tell to a conclusion this week, we have been compelled to postpone some other articles prepared for insertion; and the same reason has obliged us to be very brief in our notices to correspondents, for want of room.

CHESS CHALLENGE.—Our correspondent *M. P. S.* is informed, that we have not yet received any formal acceptation of his challenge, although we know several gentlemen who are very desirous of entering the lists.

MUSICAL NOTATION.—*A. U.* will, on application to our Glasgow agent, find we have not been inattentive to his request.

The verses of *Hidalgo* shall appear in the *Mercury*, for which we presume, from their political character, they were intended.

We have further to acknowledge *D.*—*A. H.*—*J. M.*

LAW.—*Lex Critica* in our next.

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